

The Spirit of Democracy.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN THAT WILL CARRY THOSE PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES INTO EFFECT."

BY JAMES R. MORRIS.

WOODSFIELD, OHIO, FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1844.

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POTERY.

For the Spirit of Democracy.

Mr. Editor: The following lines were first published about twenty five years ago, as I have been informed. By giving them a place in your paper, you will confer a favor on

M. B.

Go, go, deceiver, go!
A heart whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies named,
I fled the unwelcome story,
Or found in e'en the faults they blamed;
Some gleams of future glory:
I still was true when nearer friends
Conspired to wrong, to slight thee—
The heart that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee,

But go, deceiver, go!
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken,
From pleasure's dream to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee;
The few who loved thee once have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledged to graves,
No genial ties enwrap thee;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank, cold hearts beneath it!

Go, go!—though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One sinless tear of mine,
For all thy guilty splendor!

And days may come, thou false one, yet,
When e'en those ties shall sever,
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou'lt lost forever;
On her who in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles hath still received thee,
And gladly tried to prove thee all,
Her faith first believed thee.

From the Globe.

LETTER FROM GENERAL CASS.

WASHINGTON, MAY 16, 1844.

Sir: The following letter having been submitted to my disposal, I ask you to give it an immediate publication in your paper. I am satisfied that you will take pleasure in complying with this request, that the public may be apprized of the sentiments of another distinguished democrat upon the subject to which the letter refers.

Your compliance will much oblige,
Yours, etc. W. T. COLQUITT.

DETROIT, MAY 10, 1844.

Dear Sir: In answer to your inquiry whether I am favorable to the immediate annexation of Texas to the United States, I reply that I am. As you demand my opinion only of this measure and briefly the reasons which influence me, I shall confine myself to these points.

I shall not dwell upon the policy of uniting co-terminous countries, situated like ours and Texas, with no marked geographical feature to divide them, and with navigable streams penetrating the territories of both; nor upon the common origin of the people who inhabit them, upon their common language, manners, institutions, and, in fact, their identity as a branch of the human family. Nor shall I urge the material interests involved in the measure, by the free intercourse it would establish between the various sections of a vast country, mutually dependent upon and supplying one another. These considerations are so obvious, that they need no elucidation from me.

But, in a military point of view, annexation strikes me as still more important, and my mind has been more forcibly impressed with this idea from reading the able letter of General Jackson upon this subject, which has just come under my observation. With the intuitive sagacity which makes part of the character of that great man and pure patriot, he has foreseen the use which a European enemy might make of Texas in the event of a war with the United States. A lodgment in that country would lay open our whole southwestern border to its devastations. We could establish no fortress, nor occupy any favorable position; for the immense frontier may, in a vast many places, be crossed as readily as a man passes from one part of his farm to another. The advantages an active enemy would enjoy, under such circumstances, it requires no sagacity to foretell.

These considerations recall to my memory an article which made its appearance just before I left Europe, in a leading Tory periodical in England, which is understood to speak the sentiments of a powerful party. This is *Frazer's Magazine*; and a more nefarious article never issued from a profligate press. It ought to be stereotyped and circulated from one end of the country to the other, to show the designs which are in agitation against us, and to teach us that our safety in that mighty contest which is coming upon us is in a knowledge of our danger, and in a determination, by union and by a wise forecast, to meet it, and defeat it. The spirit of this article is sufficiently indicated by its title, which was, "A war with the United States a blessing to mankind." I cannot refer to it at this moment but must speak of it from recollection. I have often been surprised it has not attracted more attention in our country. Its object was to provoke a war with the United States, and to lay down the plan of a campaign, which would soonest bring it to a fortunate conclusion for England. The basis of this plan was the organization of the necessary black force in the West India Islands, and its embarkation upon our southern coast. The consequences upon which our enemies fondly hoped for, in such a case but with an entire ignorance of the true state of the country, were foretold with a rare union of philanthropy and hatred. I wish I had the number at hand to cull some choice passages for your reflection. The result was to be the destruction of the southern states, the ruin or depression of the others, and the dissolution of this great and glorious Confederacy, on which the last hopes of freedom through the world now rest.

What more favorable situation could be taken for the occupation of English black troops, and for letting them loose upon our southern States,

than is afforded by Texas? Incapable of resisting in the event of a war between us and England, she would be taken possession of by the latter, under one or another of these pretences, which every page of her history furnishes, and the territory would become the depot whence she would carry on her operations against us, and attempt to add a servile war to the other calamities which hostilities bring with them. He who doubts whether this would be done, has yet to learn another trait in the annals of national antipathy. It would be done, and be called *philanthropy*.

Every day satisfies me more and more that a majority of the American people are in favor of annexation. Were they not, the measure ought not to be effected. But as they are, the sooner it is effected the better. I do not touch the details of the negotiation. That must be left to the responsibility of the government; as, also must the bearing of the question upon, and its reception by, other countries. These are points I do not here enter into.

I am, dear sir, with much regard, truly yours,
LEW. CASS.

Hon. E. A. Hannegan, Washington, D. C.

From the Ohio Statesman.
THE GULF FLEET—THE ARMY ON THE TEXAN FRONTIER—IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE, &c.

The President, in answer to the request of the Senate, has communicated the orders given to the fleet in the Gulf of Mexico. The following seems to contain the only thing of interest in the whole correspondence:

[Confidential.]

"NAVY DEPARTMENT, APRIL 15, 1844.

"Sir: A treaty of annexation has been negotiated between the United States and the republic of Texas, and will be immediately submitted to the Senate of the United States, now in session for its advice and consent.

"During the interval which will necessarily occur before the treaty is ratified or rejected it is the part of prudence to guard against any aggressions on our commerce or the rights of our citizens, which may be attempted by any foreign government, or by persons claiming to act under its authority. You will therefore concentrate the vessels under your command. The *Vandalia*, commanded by Commander Chauncey, and the *Falmouth*, Commander Sands, will without delay, be ordered to join you, touching at Pensacola, and you will leave at that place the necessary orders. They will sail from Norfolk so soon as some small repairs can be made.

"You will in your discretion, employ the vessels composing your squadron in cruising in the Gulf of Mexico, so as to communicate frequently with Galveston; and occasionally show yourself at or before Vera Cruz, with such deviations to other parts of your cruising grounds as in your judgment may be best calculated to effect the objects of your general and special instructions.

"You will be cautious in committing no violation of the rights of others, but resist and punish aggressions on ours. If, while the question of ratification is pending, an armed force shall threaten an invasion of Texas, you will remonstrate with the assurance that the President of the United States will regard the execution of such a hostile purpose towards Texas, under such circumstances as evincing a most unfriendly spirit towards the United States; and which, in the treaty's ratification, must lead to actual hostilities with this country.

"If you observe any preparations for such an invasion, you will, without delay, communicate information to this department, that the President may submit the same to Congress.

"You will communicate, as often as occasion may present itself, with the Charge d'Affaires of the United States at Texas, and make your despatches to the department as opportunity may offer.

"I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
J. Y. MASON.

"Commodore DAVID CONNOR,
Commanding home squadron, Pensacola."

The vessels of war now cruising in the Gulf of Mexico are, the frigate *Potomac*, sloop *Vincennes*, and brig *Somers*. The sloops of war *Vandalia* and *Falmouth*, and the steamer *Union*, are a part of the home squadron, and are at Norfolk, ready for sea; the whole being under the command of Commodore Connor.

There is also a confidential letter to Gen. Taylor, under date of April 27, directing him to proceed to *Natchitoches* or *Fort Jessup*, (on the Texan frontier,) with the troops under his command, from which we take the following extract:

"You will take prompt measures, in the first instance, by a confidential officer, and subsequently by the ordinary mail or special expresses, as you deem necessary, to put yourself in communication with the President of Texas, in order to inform him of your present position and force, and to this office (all confidentially) whether any and what external dangers may threaten that government or people. Should such danger be found to exist, and appear to be imminent, you will march the forces above indicated to the Sabine river, but not proceed beyond the frontier without further instructions, keeping in readiness, in the case supposed, all necessary means of transportation, as well as ample stores of subsistence and immunities.

"By these instructions it is not meant to impress upon your mind the belief that the government apprehended hostility with any foreign power. They are given to you for the purpose of enjoining circumspection and attention to the condition of your force. I repeat the injunction of confidence, and the full reliance reposed in your judgment and prudence by the government.

"I write under the instructions of the war department, in consultation with the general-in-chief.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. JONES, Adj. Gen.

"Brevet Brig. Gen. Z. TAYLOR,
Commanding 1st Mil. Dep. Fort Jessup, La."

The reasons assigned by the President for giving the instructions are, the declaration of Mexico that she would regard the annexation of Texas as a

declaration of war on the part of the United States; and the United States having acquired the right to Texas by treaty, which only waits the confirmation of the Senate to make it binding, the President deemed it but a precautionary measure to assemble the fleet and land forces to act in case of an emergency. The closing part of the message to the Senate, is as follows:

"It is due to myself that I should declare it as my opinion, that the United States having by the treaty of annexation acquired a title to Texas, which requires only the action of the Senate to perfect it, no other power could be permitted to invade, and by force of arms to possess itself of, any portion of the territory of Texas, pending your deliberations upon the treaty without placing itself in a hostile attitude to the United States, and justifying the employment of any military means at our disposal to drive back the invasion.

"At the same time, it is my opinion that Mexico or any other power will find in your approval of the treaty no just cause of war against the United States; nor do I believe that there is any serious hazard of war to be found in the fact of such approval. Nevertheless, every proper measure will be resorted to by the executive to preserve upon an honorable and just basis the public peace, by reconciling Mexico, through a liberal course of policy, to the treaty.
JOHN TYLER.

"Washington, May 15, 1844."

"OUR UNION IS PERFECT."—D. Webster.

"See the country rising
For Clay and Frelinghuysen."

The following item is from the *Tocsin* of Liberty, Indiana. Hurra for the Hoosier State.

Sixty-two whigs changed.—Glorious news!—The son of Judge Isaac Dunn, of Lawrenceburg, in this State, and sixty-one others, who have been identified with whiggery, have abandoned the federal whig party, and have enrolled themselves under the glorious banner of democracy. It is said that young Dunn is making speeches, in which he exposes the corruption of the whigs in a masterly manner. Roll on that ball.

Gen. David Stewart, a whig member of the Senate of Maryland, has recently renounced whiggery, and will hereafter support the democratic party.

John V. L. McMahon, a most influential and popular whig, who was president of the Harrison convention at Baltimore on the 4th of May, 1840, has left the whig ranks in disgust, and openly avows his hostility to Clay whiggery.—*Detroit Free Press*.

When such men as Judge Lillenton, of Evansville; Hon. C. H. Test, of Wayne; Mr. Dunn, a talented lawyer of Dearborn; Hon. Wm. Bryant, of Park; Major Mace, of Lafayette, a late whig candidate for Congress; Thomas Jarnegan, Esq. of South Bend, and Hon. S. T. Clymer, of Elkhart; and hosts of others of equally high standing, "come out from the foul party" of whiggery, it should arrest the attention of those who heedlessly gave their support to federalism in 1840. These men are all placed in a situation to notice the evil tendency of the measures of the party with which they have heretofore acted, and have the moral courage to acknowledge their error in the face of the whole world. Let every one who has found himself deceived, act as boldly.—*Indiana State Sentinel*.

Isaac W. Vanleer, Esq. appointed by the Pennsylvania whig State convention, as the Clay elector for Chester county, has declined permitting his name to be used for that purpose. Mr. Vanleer, although a whig, is opposed to the election of Mr. Clay as President.—*Id.*

IT WON'T DO.

It is curious how many thousand things there are which it won't do to do on this cogy planet of ours, where we eat, sleep and get our dinners. For instance—

It won't do to plunge into a law suit, relying wholly on the justice of your cause, and not equipped beforehand with a brimming purse.

It won't do to tweak a man's nose or tell him he lies, unless you are perfectly satisfied he has not spunk enough to resent it by blowing your brains out, or (if you have no brains) cracking your skull.

It won't do, when riding in a stage coach, to talk of another man whom you have not personally seen, as being an "all-fired scoundrel," until you are absolutely sure he is not sitting before you.

It won't do, when snow-drifts are piled upon mountains high, and sleighs are eternally upsetting as this winter, to ride out with a beautiful lively and fascinating girl, and not expect to get *smashed* with her.

It won't do for a man, when a horse kicks him, to kick back in return.

It won't do to crack jokes on old maids in the presence of unmarried ladies who have passed the age of forty.

It won't do to imagine a Legislature, fed at the public crib, will sit but six weeks, when two-thirds of the members have not the capacity to earn a decent living at home.

It won't do for a man to bump his head against a stone post, unless he conscientiously believes that his head is the hardest.

It won't do when a mosquito bites your face in the night, to beat your own cranium in pieces with your fist, under an impression that you are killing the mosquito.

It won't do for a chap to imagine a girl indifferently to him because she studiously avoids him in company.

It won't do for a man to fancy a lady is in love with him because she treats him civilly, or that she has virtually engaged herself to him because she has always endured his company.

It won't do, when in a hurry, to eat soup with a two-pronged fork, or try to catch flies with a fish net.

It won't do to be so devoted to a tender-hearted wife, as to comply implicitly with her request

when she asks you, "now tumble over the cradle, and break your neck, my dear, won't you?"

It won't do to take hold of a hair-trigger pistol during a fit of blues.

It won't do for a politician to imagine himself elected to the gubernatorial chair while "the back counties remain to be heard from."

It won't do to pop the question more than a dozen times after the lady has said "No!"

It won't do to extol the beauty of a lady's hair before you know that it did not once belong to another lady's head.

It won't do to talk of cabbage when the tailors are standing by, nor of wooden nutmegs and white oak hams when there are any Connecticut Yankees about.

It won't do to go barefoot in winter to get rid of trouble from corns.

It won't do to take every man to do that you would like to, even if so to do would be to do a favor.

It won't do for a man that has a family to suffer them to live in ignorance and go down to the grave in infancy, for the want of taking a newspaper.—*It won't do!*—*Yankee Blade*.

GEN. JACKSON.—The editor of the *Gallatin* (Tenn.) Union, in giving an account of a recent visit to the Hermitage, makes the following allusion to a scene of deep solemnity that he was brought to witness on the occasion:

"There was an interesting but solemn scene presented on the Sabbath. It was communion season at the Hermitage church. The General and his friend were there early at the morning prayer meeting. And at the close of the sermon preceding the breaking of bread, Andrew Jackson took his seat at the table, B. F. Butler by his left side, and an affectionate daughter on the other, with his neighbors and friends seated around and on either side, and there partook, perhaps for the last time, of the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of their Lord and Saviour. Beautiful contrast! The man whose voice had often been heard leading on armies to battle in defence of his country and then filling the highest political office in the gift of a nation and giving council to a world now seated at the table of the Lord in meek submission, celebrating his death and suffering. And like

"The toss'd seaman, after boist'rous storms,
Lands on his country's breast,"

he seeks repose in retirement, and finds peace and consolation in that the world can not give or take away."

SALLY ST. CLAIR.—The fate of this beautiful Creole girl was lamentable. She loved Sergeant Jasper, who once in the bloody conflicts of the South saved her life. At the time when she saw a separation from him was in prospect her feelings were intense. To sever her long jottly ringlets, says a writer of the tales of Marion to dress in male attire to enroll herself in the corps to which he belonged and follow his fortunes in the wars, a resolution no sooner conceived than taken. On the night before the fatal battle she was seen bending over his couch like a good and gentle spirit, as if listening to his dreams. A fierce conflict ensued—the lovers fought side by side in the thickest of the fight; but endeavoring to turn away a lance aimed at the heart of Jasper, the poor girl received in her own and half bleeding at his feet. Her sex was discovered after the battle, and there was not a dry eye in the corps when Sally St. Clair was laid in her grave near the river Santee, in a green shady nook that looked as if it had been stolen out of Paradise. The love of such a maiden is as sacred as the angel's the greatest prize that a man could ever win, and what in these days, we fear, is seldom known.

ANNEXATION.—A New Feature.—Every day brings about something new. In "popping the question" now, the stricken individual, instead of saying, "Miss, will you marry me?" exclaims, "Miss are you in favor of annexation?"—*N. O. Picayune*.

"I wonder, says a woman of humor, why my husband and I quarrel so often for we agree uniformly in one grand point; he wishes to be master and so do I."

SPEECH
OF MR. DUNCAN, OF OHIO.

[Continued.]

I repeat that all this unexampled prosperity, this rapid advancement, this magical elevation of national greatness, was under the influence and auspices of democratic administration four-fifths of the existence of this government. But a strange dream came over the people. They seem to have become satiated with prosperity, and to have grown weary with happiness and good government, and they must needs have a "change." Sir, I desire to dwell some little upon that word "change." The word *change* has always been a potent political word. It has ever been the rallying word of the demagogue. It is the yelp of the disappointed office-seeker. It has ever been so from the commencement of civilized government. It was the cry of change that overthrew the first republican government that history describes—I mean the government of the Israelites. That was a republican government, from the time of the conquest of Canaan; and although laws were proposed to the people through Moses, yet no law was obligatory until it was received and adopted by the voice or suffrage of the people. The Almighty was their king, but not without their choice. He was repeatedly elected as such by the suffrage of the people. Moses, although generally regarded as the Israelish legislator, in his time was nothing more than a mediator, or medium through which the will, the wishes, and approbation of the Almighty were communicated.

The Jewish government was established on those principles which alone can make a people happy and independent. The Jews were an agricultural people, and every man a freholder; and such were the restrictions on the alienation of landed property, that every Jew came into the world the owner

of land, and went out of the world the owner of land. It was a prominent principle of the Jewish government to encourage agriculture, and to foster it above all other business or occupations; and, so long as that policy remained, so long it was retained in its primitive simplicity—there was no people on earth more happy than were the Jews. But, in the course of time, demagogues and ambitious politicians grew up among them. They must needs have a *change*. Though above all the people on earth, they were not only blessed with the best government and the richest land, but were daily furnished by the hand of the Almighty; they were daily receiving the bounties of his goodness; they had been delivered from Egyptian bondage by a miraculous interposition of Divine Providence; and when hotly pursued by Pharaoh and his host they had seen Moses, by Divine power, smite the Arabian gulf with a rod, divide the waters, and roll back the mighty waves, through which they passed dryshod, while Pharaoh and his host were drowned; when on their way in the parched wilderness, they drank pure water, which they had seen Moses draw from the flinty rock by a smite of his rod; when they hungered in the wilderness, manna fell from Heaven, of which they ate in gratitude and solemn thanks;—all these things were fresh in their recollection when they first attempted a *change*; and that *change* was to desert the standard of Moses, and the Almighty's protection, and betake themselves to Aaron, and erect a golden calf, and bestow on it the Divine honors which were due to Him who had delivered them from bondage, and fed them in the wilderness: that was their first *change*. The motives of the Jews in that *change* were of a character with those which moved a majority of the American people in 1840, when they deserted the democratic standard and betook themselves to whiggery. They were woe it to erect a calf, too—not a calf to be made of gold, but one to be made of shingle-plaster; a kind of rag-bag, and bob tail calf—a calf to be made with rags and lamp black worthy of a rag baron aristocracy. But John Tyler knocked that calf, on the head, thank God, as Moses did Aaron's; for when he (Moses) returned from the mount, he demolished Aaron's calf, and reconciled the Almighty with the Jews, whose wrath had been kindled against them for their idolatry.

But ere long corrupt politicians again sprang up, and denounced the government as weak and imbecile. Demagogues and loafers multiplied, who (in that country as in this, and every other,) too lazy to work and too proud to beg, determined to live on the labor of others. Not content with that wise and equitable system of government which distributed justice and equality to all and made every Jew a constituent part of the government—made every Jew a landholder and a freeman—not content with that policy which made the Jews an agricultural people, (for which they were peculiarly fitted, and to which their country was peculiarly adapted,) they sought to establish systems of inequality; to divert the public attention from the humble, punctual, and frugal—though honorable; pursuits of agriculture; and to adopt a system more in accordance with oriental grandeur: to this end, privileged orders and irresponsible institutions must be established—something like the policy sought to be established in our country, which has for its object the oppression of the many to enhance the interests of the few—I mean a protective tariff system—a credit system—a banking system, and a shipplaster currency,—or, in brief, a system by which swindlers may plunder honest men. No other systems would divert and deceive the people from the policy and stern frugality which it was the constant effort of Moses to inculcate, and which the whole frame of government favored. But the corrupt politicians and demagogues rung *change! change!* and a portion of the people, who had gradually become corrupted with oriental passions and oriental grandeur, permitted their patriotism to be shaken. They began to think there was something sublime in an eastern court, which gave character, dignity, show, and power, to a nation, which was incompatible with a simple republican government. The rage for *change* spread. They must have a court. The show, the gaudy tinsel, the splendor and the luxuries of a court, captivated their minds, blinded their understanding, and vitiated their tastes. The dastardly rage for a *change* spread more and wider. To have a court, they must have a king—not their frugal Moses, or their Divine Deliverer any longer; but a temporal king who could bestow bounties, and receive flatteries; a court, a king, military splendor, a central power, and a strong government. Moses, and a man called Samuel, who was a successor of Moses, remonstrated against a change of government, and represented, in the strongest possible terms, the dangers and fatal effects of eastern corruptions, eastern despotism, and eastern bondage. All their remonstrance was in vain; a *change* they would have; a temporal king they would have; an oriental court and a military despotism they would have; and the Almighty gave them, in his anger, a king, and all the rest soon followed. Saul was the first king under their new *change*. He governed well for a short time, but soon became despotic and towards the last of his reign became insupportably capricious. He was rejected, and one David was chosen in his place. David was a true patriot, a sincere friend of his country, and ardently devoted to its highest interests. The country prospered under his administration, though oriental customs, and the military spirit of the people, grew under his reign, and with these, increased taxation. Solomon succeeded David. He ruled with moderation and wisdom at first, but towards the end of his reign, became very tyrannical and laid heavy burdens upon his people. Oppression had already become the reward of their desired *change*. Rehoboam succeeded Solomon. He refused to lighten the burdens of the people; and this caused a dismemberment of the empire—ten tribes going off, under Jeroboam, and forming a separate government. From this time the nation became rapidly more and more corrupt; the kings more and more despotic; the people more and more enervated; and the result of all was the decay and ruin of the gov-

ernment. Let us sum up the evils of the *change*:

1. An increase of taxation, with the increase of the military spirit; and numerous and exhausting wars; as a consequence.

2. Tyranny and despotism in the government—many of the kings becoming as tyrannical as the eastern despots.

3. A neglect of agriculture.

4. Entire change in the admirable agrarian laws of Moses.

5. Ultimate ruin, and subjection of the nation to a foreign yoke.

And this, sir, was the career of the Israelites;—and this the ruin brought upon them by that fatal word *change*, invented, introduced, and rung by demagogues and corrupt politicians, who have been the overthrow and downfall of every republic.

I have no time to trace up the histories of republics, or free governments and expose the fatal effects of that word *change*. If I had, I could refer you to the word *change*, which was never out of the mouth of Hanno, by which he embarrassed the correct action of the senate of Carthage, and poisoned the minds of the people; and by which he embarrassed the movements of Hannibal, at the very time he was shaking the walls of Rome; and by which he succeeded in effecting the recall of Hannibal, and, with his recall, the destruction of the last hope of ever conquering Rome; and by which, too, he and his kindred spirits succeeded in overthrowing the republic of Cathage, and making her prey to Roman conquest.

I could, also, refer to the demagogues and corrupt and bribed politicians of Greece, who, with their pockets full of Persian gold, and their mouths filled with *change*, laid the foundation for the overthrow of her republics. It was the same fatal word in the bawling mouths of corrupt politicians, that subverted the Roman republic; and the same word, after the overthrow of the republic, placed one vile despot after another on the throne, each vile despot viler and more despotic than his predecessor, until the people of Rome, from being the freest people on earth, became the greatest slaves on earth, and until, too, it was finally overthrown. The overthrow of all those republics was brought about by the word *change* in the mouths of corrupt politicians, hired demagogues, and pensioned liars, precisely such as overspread our country in 1840, and by whose means the democracy were overthrown. Yes, sir, overthrown by pensioned liars, hired demagogues, corrupt and bribed politicians, whose incessant cry was *change! change! change!* The word *change* was never permitted to die on the ear. Well, the *change* was effected. The democratic party was overthrown. A democratic candidate or the presidency was defeated in his re-election; one who had administered the government on as pure principles as it ever had been administered or ever will be administered—one who had sustained our free institutions, the constitution, and the nation's honor, with an ability and a wisdom which never has been surpassed since the formation of our government—a man who was and is alike distinguished for the purity of his morals as for his talents as a statesman; distinguished alike for his firmness as for his attachment to democratic principles and for the support of democratic institutions; alike distinguished for the qualities of his head as for the goodness of his heart; with a moral reputation which even the sycophantic breath of slander dare not approach. Such was the man whose election was defeated by that potent word *change*, and its accompanying means. Yes, sir, the accompanying means; I must have something to say about the accompanying means, in connection with the word *change*. And what were they? Ah! sir, could they be blotted from the recollection of man, and could the history that records them be annihilated, what friend to his country—what man or patriot, jealous of the honor and the reputation of his country and the American character, would wish to revive their recollection? But to the disgrace of this people, and to the dishonor of our republican institutions, here and elsewhere they live in memory—they live in history, and will live after all who now live will have returned to dust. They will live when time shall have crumbled the marble columns that support the dome of this hall; even then, the drunken orgies which disgraced the elections of 1840 will be classed with the drunken orgies which disgraced all Greece in the worship of Bacchus; fresh, then, will the disgraceful scenes of 1840 be in history, as the bacchanalian feasts are now. So we cannot hide them; knowing them as we do, and known as they are, we may better serve our country by exposing them.

I desire to tax your time a few moments while I make a few comments on truth—for I regard it as the highest virtue of any people, whether in a national, or in an individual point of view. In the language of another, truth is a light from on high.—It is almost the only thing on earth which is worth the research and care of man. It is the light of our mind; it should be the rule and the guide of our heart, as is the foundation of our hopes, and the comfort of our fears. It is the alleviating balm of our evils, and the true remedy of all our troubles and misfortunes. It is the source of good, and the horror of bad conscience; it is the secret punisher of vice, and the everlasting reward of virtue. It immortalizes those who practice it; it dignifies the chains, and makes supportable the dark and gloomy dungeon of those who suffer for it; and it brings and perpetuates public praise and public honors upon the memories of those who have been its defenders and its martyrs. It makes respectable the humility and the poverty of those who have sacrificed all in its pursuit and its support. It inspires magnanimity of thought, and forms heroic souls, of which this world is unworthy. It has made every sage and every hero that the world has ever produced, worthy of the name. How unfortunate that it was not better known and more highly appreciated by the whigs at all times, but more especially in the political campaign of 1840! But, to form a true estimate of its exalted merits we must contrast it with its antagonist principle—*falsehood*; which of all vices is the most degrading and degraded. It sinks those who practice it, in the estimation of God and the virtuous world, below the brute; and confirms